

Current Comment

Nov. 5 is the great day—a day every voter in the community should be able to remember with pride as the date when the proposed water conservation district was given the unanimous support it deserves. The groups of well-informed men who are fostering the movement have worked long and hard on the project which will, if successfully carried out, mean the conservation of millions of gallons of water which is now wasted. Their efforts for the preservation of the entire valley will be of little avail, however, if the people of the various communities do not lend a hand at the polls Nov. 5. It is generally known that the water situation in the Santa Clara valley is becoming more acute every year. If you doubt that statement, make inquiries of any pump or well driller. You'll be surprised. And the Santa Clara valley, without the water so necessary to its productivity, would indeed be a sorry spectacle. There are, possibly, other ways to meet the water situation in the valley—water could be brought from the high Sierras—but that project would run into millions and millions of dollars. Most of us would rather stand a slight additional tax on land now than to be literally eaten up with taxes a few years hence. It's money in your pockets to vote "yes" at the water conservation district election Tuesday, Nov. 5.

Hallowe'en is looming grandly upon the horizons of the youngsters of the community. On that dreadful night they will rally forth with their masks, jack-o-lanterns, rattles, tic-tacs and spooky robes—and soap—and have lots of fun. Some few adults may, in the course of the evening, succumb to heart failure, but on the whole the evening's festivities will be harmless enough. A far cry from the good old days when the weird scream of the "rosin can" mingled with the crash of falling "phone booths" and over all the plaintive bellowing of the neighbor's cow as it was being hoisted to the roof of the school house. Oh, well.

A city without billboards is the aim of Willow Glen—and an admirable aim it is. About the only way a town can get away with that kind of a program is by way of ordinance—and to pass ordinances a town must first be incorporated. Certain organizations in Campbell object strenuously to billboards advertising cigarettes—here's the remedy. Let them get busy on the proposition of incorporation for Campbell.

That's all.

Night Orchestra Class At High School Starts Monday, October 21

A. A. Thielke, musical director at both local schools, announces that evening orchestra work will be started soon, and he desires that all people who are interested register Monday evening, Oct. 21, at 7:30 at the high school.

This is a new and unusual departure from regular night school practices and was evolved to take care of the daytime overflow and to meet a demand expressed by musicians and potential musicians of the community. It is a wonderful opportunity to learn orchestration under one of the ablest musicians in this part of the country.

Reservations Still Open For C. W. Card Party

Reservations are still being received for the card party which the Country Woman's club will hold on the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 24, at 2 o'clock in the community hall.

There are some further improvements to the building which the club desires to make, the proceeds of the party being a part of the necessary funds.

A pleasant afternoon, including refreshments, is assured those who plan to attend.

On the table committee are the Mesdames D. H. Cramer, W. H. Stray, G. S. Robson, W. H. Morton, F. R. Anderson and Miss Anne Schulte and Mrs. E. E. Pomeroy of Saratoga.

Camp Fire Girls Food Sale Saturday at Gilson's.

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CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1929

LOCAL SEA SCOUTS TRIM ALL COMERS AT ALVISO SUNDAY

Sea Scouts totalling 75 from Campbell, San Jose, Monterey, Santa Cruz and Palo Alto participated in an all day rally and contest at Alviso Sunday. Campbell won first place with a total of 81 points. San Jose was second with 65 points, Santa Cruz third with 25, Palo Alto fourth with 24, Pacific Grove fifth, points unknown.

According to Gene Grattan it was the best rally yet staged, with every event hotly contested. Campbell showed a better prepared and harder fighting outfit than ever before. The most exciting event of the day was the pulling and sailing event in which Campbell raced San Jose. The local boys started 30 seconds behind their opponents and when it was time to turn back and sail in, the boats were placing even. Miles Standish was in charge of the Campbell boat showed that he was the best Sea Scout sailor in this area by the clever handling of his boat, so that it won against a more experienced crew. The race was over a mile course. He so handled the boat that they sailed alongside of the boat presenting the greatest hazard and took their wind. It was one of the best sailing races seen for some time, and one in which the ingenuity was brought to the surface.

Harris Gardner won the line heaving contest, entering without practice before the rally.

Alfred Beer showed the right Sea Scout spirit when he completed his contest splice with a badly cut finger.

Every boy did his best at all times and their showing and behavior was a credit to the town of Campbell. Campbell has the largest and best troop, and strangely enough they must go farther than any of the others to get to water.

The events in their order and the number of points received by Campbell in the competition are as follows: (First, 10 points; second, 6 points, and third, 3 points.) International code flag, identification, 10 (only one boy out of ten Campbell entries missed one flag); identification of the parts of a full-rigged ship, 6; equipping a life boat and rowing 200 yards and putting all the gear in another boat, coming back in the second boat, 10; prim-sell marks—the test was to draw one and explain all the parts. It is a code of letters and figures on the side of a boat to show how deep it should be loaded in salt water, in fresh water, and in summer and winter, 10; international telegraph or dot and dash signal, 10 the identification of 17 different types of boats in a minute and a half, 3; splicing contest, 0; heaving line contest (Campbell got all three places), 19; rigging various kinds of block and tackle, 3.

This is the second time Campbell has won the cup; a third win will make the trophy permanently theirs.

Epworth League To Attend Organ Recital

The Epworth League of the local Methodist church plans to go in a body to attend the organ recital at Stanford Chapel Sunday at 4 o'clock, and to attend a reception for Bishop Burns from 6 until 7 o'clock, remaining to hear the bishop's address following the reception.

Harold Cramer of Campbell is president of the College League this year.

The Juniors of the Methodist church will hold a meeting at the league hour Sunday evening at the church.

High School Notes Written By Girls

In this issue of the Press you will notice a column of school notes prepared by the Girls' League of the local high school. The girls plan to make this a regular feature of the local paper in their endeavor to show the folks of this community that we have a live crowd in the high school. Watch their section for news of the school.

Of Course, We Know What He Was Aiming At — By Albert T. Reid



MRS. HELEN JONES MITCHELL AT REST

A keenly felt loss was experienced in Campbell community Sunday when local people learned of the sudden and untimely passing of Mrs. Helen Jones Mitchell, wife of Charles Mitchell, to whom she was married a year ago last September. Mrs. Mitchell's death occurred Saturday at the San Jose hospital where she had gone for a minor operation. She withstood the operation but, according to reports, passed away before attending physicians were able to relieve an apparent laboring of the heart under the anaesthetic.

Mrs. Mitchell was born at Madiera, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George W. Jones, and the niece of Mrs. Paul Marston of Union avenue, with whom she resided previous to her marriage.

Following her marriage to Mr. Mitchell, who is assistant superintendent at the Geo. E. Hyde company's packing plant, and the son of Major Clarence Mitchell, California National Guard, the young people resided in Campbell where they made many friends.

Services were held today (Tuesday) from the funeral parlors of Curry & Gripenstraw thence to St. Patrick's church for requiem mass at 9 o'clock, and interment was made in the Los Gatos cemetery.

Of the immediate family surviving Mrs. Mitchell are two sisters, Marjorie Jones of San Diego and Mrs. Jack Elliott of Alameda, and two brothers, Gillian Jones of Millbrae and William Clelan of San Jose.

Ocowasins Will Hold Food Sale Saturday

The Ocowasin Campfire Girls will hold a food sale next Saturday morning, Oct. 19, at Gilson's market. All kinds of cakes, pies, cookies, salads, macaroni, etc., will be on sale.

At Home To Friends

Mr. and Mrs. Merle Gardner are at home to their friends at the Terrace apartments at 296 North Third street, San Jose. They have just returned from a two-week's tour through the north.

Mesdames Davidson, Plummer and Singleton had for their guests over the week-end, the grammar school teachers at a house party at their summer homes near Mount Herman.

Black and White Toilet Articles at Shadle's.

CONSERVATION OF WATER IN SANTA CLARA VALLEY

Sometimes in thinking of this important subject we ask ourselves the question—Is there any water to conserve? Fortunately we have available data with which to answer the question favorably. This data was compiled by Tibbetts & Keiffer, irrigation engineers, who made a survey of water conditions in 1919-1920. The figures which they give cover an 18 year period from 1902 to 1920.

The main streams entering the valley are Penetencia, Coyote, Almaden, Guadalupe, Los Gatos, San Tomas, Campbell Calabazas, Stevens, Permanente and San Antonio or Yeguas creeks. Measurements of the runoff of these creeks gives an idea of the amount of water available for conserving. By "runoff" is meant the water that actually reaches the stream bed, or the total rainfall on the water shed less the absorption by hill and mountainside. Not all the runoff goes to the ocean because some is absorbed naturally by the gravel beds of the streams and finds its way to the underground reservoir.

During the 18 year period from 1902 to 1920 the minimum runoff in any one year was 18,000 acre feet, occurring in 1912-13. The maximum was 435,000 acre feet, occurring in 1906-7, while the average was 205,000 acre feet per year. The area of the valley under irrigation and included within the proposed water conservation district is estimated at 100,000 acres. If all the runoff could have been saved there would have been two acre feet of water each year for every acre of land, which is more than is used on the average yearly irrigation.

The amount of water absorbed naturally by the stream beds varied from a minimum of 18,000 acre feet in 1912-13 to 100,000 acre feet in a year like 1906-7, with an average yearly absorption of 65,000 to 70,000 acre feet. Thus on the average only one-third of the runoff of 205,000 acre feet is absorbed by the gravel and gets into our reservoir underground. We must save the other two-thirds. That is what the proposed water conservation district proposes to do. Vote YES Nov. 5 for the Water Conservation district.

Mr. and Mrs. Don McQueen and Mr. and Mrs. Phillip S. LaBarbara were in attendance at the grand ball of the I.O.O.F. encampment in Watsonville Friday.

National Drug Week, Oct. 13 to 19. Pure Drugs at Shadle's.

CAMPFIRE GIRLS ELECT OFFICERS

At a recent meeting of the Ocowasin group of Campfire girls the following officers were elected:

Betty Keesling, president; Sylvia Best, vice president; Sallie Davidson, secretary and treasurer. Miss Elsie Merrill is guardian of this group. Several new members were transferred from the Mohawk group. They are Bernice Clark, Olga Brydon, Sylvia Best, Edith Holbrooks and Elizabeth Mumma.

Jane Whiteman, Frances Smith, Dorothy Mills, Mona Hill, Cressie Wistler, Madelyn Byrnes, Susan Benton, Elizabeth Hill and Elinore Knopf are new members of the Mohawk group. Mrs. Frances Swane is the guardian of this group and they hold meetings every Tuesday afternoon in the new clubhouse.

LOCAL BANK TRANSFERS MAN

Charles Quinn, who had for some time been cashier in the local branch of the American Trust company, was transferred Monday to the San Jose office of that concern. A. F. Moreland of the same bank in San Jose was transferred to the Campbell bank in Mr. Quinn's stead.

Essay Contest For Grammar Schools

The Water Conservation committee of Santa Clara valley is offering \$99 in prizes for the best essays on water conservation. The contest is limited to the grammar schools only, and are to contain not less than 250 and not more than 500 words. There are 15 prizes in all, divided into three groups, according to the size of the school, as follows:

Group 1—Schools having from one to four teachers. Group 2—Schools having from five to eight teachers. Group 3—Schools having more than eight teachers.

Five cash prizes are offered in each group. First, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$5; fourth, \$2, and fifth, \$1. Essays must be in the hands of the county superintendent of schools by Oct. 25. The prizes will be awarded at a meeting of all competing schools, held at the Woodrow Wilson junior high school in San Jose Friday, Nov. 1, at 3:30 p. m.

Mrs. Horace Lea returned Sunday from an extended visit to Reno, Baxter, and Colfax, where she visited relatives. Mr. Lea drove to Livermore Sunday to bring her home.

FIRST GRADUATE OF C. H. S., PRESIDENT OF STATE BAR ASS'N.

Charles A. Beardsley, whose recent election to the presidency of the California State Bar association has been a source of gratification to his friends in this vicinity, was well known in Campbell in former years, when his home was with his aunt, Mrs. Lillie Shaw of Johnson avenue. He was the first graduate of the Campbell high school, the class of 1901 of which he was the only member. The junior class, however, comprized a dozen or more, so that class reception, class day exercises and customary festivities were not lacking.

The Campbell high school was just getting into swing under Prof. J. Fred Smith, its efficient principal, and Beardsley, who had been attending the Santa Clara high school after graduating from Hamilton grade school, elected to take his closing year at Campbell. He then entered Stanford where he won many honors, among them being his election to Phi Beta Kappa, the national scholastic honor society.

After his graduation in 1906, he re-entered Stanford for his law course, being admitted to the bar in 1908.

Immediately following his admission to the bar he became associated with the firm of Fitzgerald & Abbott, leading attorney of Oakland, of which firm he became a partner in 1913. For two years he was assistant city attorney of Oakland, resigning that position in favor of his large law practice. For the past two years he has been a member of the board of governors of the California State Bar association in which office he continues to serve. Always an indefatigable worker, he has attained to eminence in his profession by a well-earned reputation for diligence, ability, integrity and leadership.

WHO IS THIS MAN? — (Published In The Interest of National Drug Week.)

His name doesn't matter, for he goes by many names. His size doesn't matter, for he is lean and stout and tall and short. His age doesn't matter, for he is young with the enthusiasm of untried youth and old with the calm and the wisdom of mellowing years. His location doesn't matter, for he is on the corner of a village square, at the intersection of a writhing thoroughfare in a teeming city, on the main street of a patient town in the midst of the middle west.

He has it in his power to heal a wound, to stifle a pain, to save a life. Behind his every act lies a drama. On the steadiness of his hand, on the accuracy of his eye, on the soundness of his knowledge, millions of people in thousands of places rely. He is the friend of the child who begs for a glass of water, the man who is worried about hard times, the woman who can't do a thing with her daughter.

He spent years at college acquiring the professional education which the law demands. He spends his few leisure hours in the pursuit of newer knowledge. Your health and beauty and general well being are his every day concern. He is the right hand of the doctor, the haven of refuge for the injured, first port of call for the stranger in distress. He labors long and his rewards are meagre; but out of his long vigil in behalf of the humanity of which he is part, he finds in a corner of a corner of his heart the bit of happiness which is his compensation.

Out of each year one week is set aside for the purpose of bringing you and him closer together; of giving him an opportunity to demonstrate to you that he is more than he seems and all that he should be.

He is the scientist on the corner—the man you call your druggist. —American Druggist.

Camp Fire Girls Food Sale Saturday at Gilson's.

The Capture of "Slippery Sam"

The Weekly Story—By BELLE MANIATES

PEGGY lamented audibly that every one save herself was having a night out. Her parents were away. Dick, her older brother, having informed her that the "new man" working on the nearby engineering development where he, too, worked, wouldn't come to call, because "he had no use for girls," and had motored to town. Billy, her other brother, thirteen, had gone to a friend's house, though first confiding to her that he had "listened in."

"They're initiating that new man, Phil Leigh, tonight. Going to blind, gag, tie him and leave him in our root cellar. You ought to see the swell spread in Dick's den. I fled down this key to fit the lock. Take it and have a look-in at the feed."

Left alone Peggy had an inspiration. She'd kidnap the helpless Phil Leigh and bring him to the house, playing a good one on Dick's bunch. She motored down a private road to the root cellar, but seeing an empty car parked in front of the building, detoured down a convenient lane. After Dick and his friends had motored away, she saw a man furtively stealing in at the back of the cellar. Next Billy pedaled along on his bicycle. He looked in and quickly sped away. Dusk was fast gathering, but she dimly perceived a man coming from the cellar. As soon as the coast was clear, she, too, sought the popular rendezvous. By the air of a flashlight she located the victim, removed his gag, and guided him to her car.

"I'm Dick Parker's sister, and I'm taking you home with me. There's no one else there," she added, to provoke his wrath.

The guttural sound that issued from his throat sounded suspiciously like an oath. Neither of them spoke again during the ride. The night was moonless, so she hadn't really had a good look at the "new man" until she turned on the light in the garage and removed the bandage from his eyes.

She got her thrill at last. The man was plainly a tramp and a roughneck. His eyes were blood-shot, his face unshaven. He wore an old pair of trousers, a flannel shirt and a tattered cap. She gazed at him in horror, and again she heard him mutter angrily. She had kidnapped the wrong man, but she must dispose of this white elephant, so she controlled her panic as she led the way to Dick's den.

As she opened the door, she saw the man's eyes dilate at sight of the table with its array of silver. Muttering that she would get a knife, she left the room, closing the door and noiselessly turning the key. She was about to telephone when the doorbell rang. Never outside of printed pages had help arrived more opportunely. A debonair, faultlessly dressed young man stood at the door.

"Miss Parker? I am Phil Leigh. Is your brother at home?"

"No; I'm alone with a burglar, but his hands are tied, and he's locked in a room upstairs. How did you escape from the cellar?" she asked.

"Simply by having worked a Houdini on my ropes and changing places with him. He was planning to rob me after the fellows left."

She felt a pang of pity when she opened the door and saw the lines of fatigue and exhaustion in the prisoner's face. He looked up wearily, and spoke:

"Were either of you two ever starving, in sight and reach of food you couldn't get?"

Peggy uttered a sharp cry of distress and began to break morsels of a corpulent chicken sandwich and feed it to him. When she had finished he gave her such heartfelt thanks that tears came into her eyes.

Just then the door opened and the sheriff appeared.

"Hands up, Slippery Sam," he commanded.

"You've got the wrong man, Mr. Bumps," interrupted Peggy. "That's Phil Leigh, a friend of Dick's."

"Not much he isn't," said Billy coming into view. "That's Phil Leigh tied up there."

When Peggy confessed her part in the affair, Leigh followed suit: "I put on these clothes this morning, though they looked more respectable then, and went fishing. Some one stole my lunch basket. I lost my way, and didn't reach town until late. The men corralled me and took me to the cellar. Slippery Sam—only I supposed him to be one of the bunch—went through my pockets but found them empty. I see now that he must have overheard all the boys' remarks and plans, and seeing the lay of the land came on here to rob the house. Up to the arrival of the sheriff, I took all proceedings to be part of the initiation ceremonies. Where do you come in, Billy?"

"I looked in the cellar and saw Slippery Sam going through your pockets, so I got the sheriff. Gee! You do look tough, Mr. Leigh!"

"I don't feel so now. Food does make the man."

"I'm sure that clothes don't," said Peggy. "Look at Slippery Sam, all dressed up. The minute I saw him I knew I detested him."

"You did me, too, didn't you?" asked Leigh.

"Yes, until—"

"Until," he prompted.

But she told him that later.

(Copyright.)

Good Things to "Put Up"

By NELLIE MAXWELL

PREPARE your own fruit salads to use during the season when many of the good things are out of the market.

Fruit Salad.—Simmer small pieces of any available fruit—pineapple, pears, apricots or peaches—in a light sirup, using care not to overcook, adding a few fresh or maraschino cherries. Cover with the sirup and sterilize, using the cold pack method. The sirup may be used for gelatin desserts, punches, fruit salad dressings or pudding sauces.

Fruit Jelly.—Take half a peck of apples, two quarts of quinces and one quart of cranberries. Wash the fruit, put the quinces, cored but not

pared, through the meat chopper and cut up the apples including the skins and cores. Combine all the fruit—just cover with water and cook until soft, mashing and stirring often. Drain through a jelly bag and to each pint add a scant pint of sugar, heated hot. Boil the juice fifteen minutes before adding the sugar. Cook until it jellies, then pour into sterilized glasses.

Ruby Jelly.—To two quarts of cranberries add five large quinces, put through the food chopper with half their cores. Add three quarts of water and cook until soft, stirring frequently. Drain through a jelly bag, measure the juice and add an equal amount of heated sugar, after the juice has boiled about fifteen minutes. After the sugar is added boil five minutes and remove when it jellies. Marmalade may be made from the pulp, adding three-fourths of its measure in sugar, then cook until thick.

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FAMILY HABITS

Delightful Story for Young Folks

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Mr. and Mrs. Emu were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Ostrich one day when Mr. Ostrich began talking of the children.

"The emu family look something like the ostrich family. They have very long legs but instead of beautiful feathers their bodies are covered with something which looks very much like gray hay."

Their necks, which are long, also have the same kind of hay covering.

ensemble effects which are considered as important in the realm of evening costume design as it is in that of apparel for daytime.

Then, too, velvet yields with consummate grace to manipulation of all sorts, particularly shirring such as is so lavishly employed this season. Particular stress is given to furless wraps, which make in intriguing working of the material itself their outstanding attraction. Collars especially are fantastically designed, some trending to Medici types, others puffed and shirred in becoming huge rolled effects.

The charming cape-coat in the picture is typical of the youthful silhouette given to many of the new evening wraps. Note the clever deep yoke from which falls a graceful cape. The flower on the shoulder is of self velvet. A chic detail of this wrap is the lining of sheerest white velvet, even to the flower showing a reverse of white, thus exploiting the black-and-white theme which is so prominent in the evening mode.

Fashionable Paris is interpreting black-and-white in fetching ways such as a bewitching frock which combines black and white tulle stressing flounces which alternate these.

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Tweed and Other Woolen Weaves Register as Material for Hats

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



book, made of the same tweed, completes this most intriguing millinery ensemble.

A sports fabric in gray and navy blue was the inspiration for the fetching hat-and-scarf set shown to the left.

The hat combines the nonchalant lines of the tam, and the popular beret. It is part of the feature of these nifty sets that the hat fit very snug and that the scarf be worn tight about the throat, just as you see it in the picture.

Another medium for the hat much employed for the new models is suede, also finished kidskin, which comes in all fashionable colorings. One sees, for instance, a molded-to-the-head shape of gray gloved kid, which is deftly interworked with velvet or some other material such as yardage felt or angora knit scarfing. The hat below in the circle is of gray kidskin with darker gray velvet shown in the facing that turns back at the front.

A novel turban is shown to the left, in which wisps of tan fur are caught through the black velvet of the hat to give a striped effect.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

trich, with a foolish smile. "And besides you haven't a hand."

"I know," said Mrs. Ostrich, "but it's something creatures say, so I thought I would, too."

"You asked me a question," said Mrs. Emu. "Do you, or do you not, want to have it answered?"

"From the way you are going on talking it would appear that you do not wish to be informed."

"How grandly you talk, Mrs. Emu," said Mrs. Ostrich. "To be sure, I do wish to have my questions answered."

"She talks grandly," said Mr. Emu, "because she can spend her time thinking of words and so forth."

"She does not have to work, nor even look after her children."

"Right, my dear," said Mrs. Emu, "but, as I said before, you always offer to help me, so, I give right up to you."

"You give the work right up to me," said Mr. Emu.

"It's this way," explained Mrs. Emu. "Mr. Emu finds me sitting on the eggs, and he always says: 'Oh, can't I do that for you?'"

"Now wouldn't it be extremely foolish for me to say that he could not?"

"If he is so willing, I must be willing, too. Then I get used to being idle and doing nothing but wander about and I forget about Mr. Emu and the work, until I find he is looking after the children."

"I think you forget about me on purpose," said Mr. Emu, "but it makes no difference—for I do not mind hatching the eggs in the least."

"Do you hatch the eggs?" asked the ostrich.

"Yes," said Mr. Emu. "Mrs. Emu lays them. Then I hatch them out, and, what is more, look after the children until they are able to care for themselves."

"Well, that is strange," said Mrs. Ostrich. "We like to divide the time."

"It simply means," said Mrs. Emu, "that you follow the ways of the ostrich family and we follow the ways of emu family."

"We have different family ways—that's all."

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Right Way to Redye Fine Silks

Textile makers always use special dyes for silk or wool. They know that is the best way. The makers of Diamond Dyes are the first to enable home dyers to follow this plan.

Next time you want to dye some of your more valuable articles of silk or wool, try the special Diamond Dyes in the Blue Package. They will give these materials clearer, more brilliant colors than any "fall-purpose" dye. And they are just as easy to use as ordinary dyes. Like the white package Diamond Dyes, these dyes contain an abundance of the highest quality anilines. The blue package dyes silk or wool only; the white package dyes, or tints, any material. Either package; 15c, drugstores.

Find Treasures of Art

in Buried Syrian City

Rich archeological discoveries have been made by the French mission which, under the command of M. Shaffer, of the Strasbourg Prehistoric museum, is excavating ancient deposits at Minet-el-Baida and Ras Shamra, in Syria. The most important of these finds is the unearthing at Ras Shamra of a number of baked clay tiles bearing cuneiform inscriptions, which are believed to be about 4,000 years old and to have constituted part of a great library.

A buried city which is now being explored on the same site has yielded among other treasures a gigantic granite bust, apparently of Egyptian origin, and bronze objects engraved with cuneiform characters, which their discoverers claim are the best preserved in existence. Finds of almost equal importance have been made at Minet-el-Baida, 4,000 years old.

Around these tombs were tables bearing offerings to the dead, numerous Egyptian statuettes in bronze enriched with precious stones, a golden diadem, necklace, and numerous pieces of fine pottery.

Coast to Coast good Grocers sell and recommend Russ Ball Blue. Better value than any other.—Adv.

Unusual

J. J. Hassett, secretary to the park commission, while making an inspection tour, was asked for alms by a man loafing in the Plaza and engaged him in conversation. After the chap had told his glib tale of woe Mr. Hassett remarked:

"I suppose you have a wife and children somewhere, haven't you?"

"No," confessed the man, "I haven't a wife. I never had one."

"Well, good gracious!" exclaimed the astonished Hassett, "what made you so poor, then?"—Los Angeles Times.

This little

CopperRivet
at all Strain points
Plus
Extra Heavy
Tested Denim in
LEVI STRAUSS

Waist Overalls
insure long
wear

ANew FREE IF THEY
PAIR RIP



Ask for Levi's
Reliable Merchandise since 1853

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700 Rooms
\$1.50 to \$2.50

Good Garage Facilities

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 41-1929.

With a Cape and of Colorful Velvet for the Evening Wrap

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



NO MORE brilliantly colorful scene can be conceived of than that of a galaxy of lovely women mantled in gorgeous evening wraps whose moods and modes were never so enchantingly whimsical and versatile as the new collections reveal them.

Regarding favored materials for the evening cape or coat, it is a significant fact that with all the

allurement of other weaves, the compass of fashion keeps pointing steadily to velvet. No doubt the delectable colorings for the new velvets have much to do with their prestige. No matter what tone or tint of the evening gown there is a complementary color awaiting it in the velvet realm. Which is exactly what fashionists require to add them to play up color values in the

SUCH IS LIFE—Fair Enough!



By Charles Sughroe



FARM STOCK

CATTLE ARE FINE BUILDERS OF SOIL

Gather Forage From Fields and Turn It Into Profit.

In cattle the personal preference of the farmer is the chief factor in breeds. Some men like beef cattle, some dairy. At any rate there ought to be an appropriate sized herd of cattle on every farm. Cattle are soil builders. They gather up the forage from the far fields, turn it into beef or dairy products, and deposit the residue back upon the same soil. Another look around your own community will convince you that the farms on which cattle are handled continually are the leading crop producers. They are little troubled with disease, and require as little care and attention as any other animals upon the farm. For the farmer who has natural inclinations for dairying, there is no branch of the farm business which returns a steadier all-the-year-around income. At the same time the milk will do much to help solve the hog raising problem, and keep the hens laying. In fact, I am strongly of the opinion that the small type farmer, especially, a few good milk cows, some old sows and a flock of hens, make just about the best "hook up" possible for a satisfactory existence, for himself and family, says a writer in an exchange. On the average size farm of from 120 to 160 acres, it must depend altogether upon the way the farmer handles his cows as to how many he can keep. I would say, however, that an ordinary farm of this sort ought to support from ten to twenty cows; furnish adequate pasture during the summer, and feed during the winter. I once had a little German neighbor who kept 25 head of cattle in good shape on 40 acres, raised enough corn to mostly do him, always had hogs to sell, and hauled his cream to town in a ten-gallon can. This man's case, however, was most unusual, and few of us might even hope to do as well.

Losing Proposition to Feed Hogs Corn Alone

If you fed corn alone to a 125-pound pig, it will require 642 pounds of feed to bring him to a weight of 225 pounds. If you feed corn and tankage, it will require 334 pounds of corn and 32 pounds of tankage. If you feed oats and tankage, it will take 633 pounds of oats and 35 pounds of tankage. If you feed barley, it will require 439 pounds of barley and 30 pounds of tankage. It is evident from the above that it is a losing proposition to feed corn alone, or in fact to feed any of the feeds mentioned alone. Corn and tankage or barley and tankage will give you the best results of any of the feeds listed. If you have plenty of oats available, it may pay you to feed a small amount of oats. Wheat should be sold rather than be fed to hogs.

Smaller Central House Now Meets With Favor

The rapid advance of sanitary methods in hog production has created a distinct tendency toward smaller central hog houses, and more use of small individual houses which can readily be moved about. The central hog house has much in its favor in the way of convenience and probably will always be used to a certain extent during the coldest months of the year when it is difficult to feed and care for animals that are scattered all over the place. Such a house has the disadvantage of creating about it an unsanitary condition of the hog lot, which can scarcely be prevented even with the greatest care. Such a hog house also is necessarily remote from pasturage.

Sterility of Cattle Is Most Troublesome

A most troublesome breeding disease of cattle is sterility. This is often a sequel of infectious abortion. The exact causes are not always known. Sometimes it is a result of infection of the uterus, the neck or cervix of the uterus, diseases of the ovaries, and very rarely it may be due to an impotent or diseased bull. Sometimes a graduate veterinarian can make a diagnosis while the animal is living and he may also do something to remove the cause of the sterility. But it cannot be done in some animals. Unless the sterile cow or bull is highly bred and very valuable and a graduate veterinarian cannot overcome the cause of the sterility, let the incurable animal go to slaughter.

Improve Market Lambs by Simple Operations

Because lambs which have been castrated and docked are better developed and are more uniform and attractive on the market than other lambs, specialists are urging a more general adoption of these practices. The fact that the largest part of the return from farm flocks is derived from the sale of lambs makes it desirable to have the lambs in the best possible marketable condition. Ram lambs and undocked lambs are discriminated against on the market because they are less well developed and lack a uniform and attractive appearance. It is impossible to obtain as large gains or as good condition on lambs that have not been castrated.

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

WNU Service

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Athol Meldrum, young Scotsman, starts out to seek his fortune. At San Francisco he meets a fellow adventurer whom he dubs the Prodigal. With Jim Hubbard the two join the gold rush to Alaska. On the boat Athol meets Berna, who with her grandfather and a hard looking couple named Winkelstein, are headed for the gold fields. Landing at Skagway, Athol's party at once takes the trail. In a snowslide on the Chilcoot, Athol's party is separated. Berna's party is lost. Fearing for Berna's safety, Athol hastens to the scene. He finds the old man dead. Mrs. Winkelstein refuses to allow Athol to see Berna. Later at Bennett Berna asks Athol to marry her to save her from the harsh fate she foresees. Athol is unwilling to take such a decisive step and tells her she must wait. Some days later Berna tells Athol that Mrs. Winkelstein plans to sell her to "Black Jack" Locasto. Athol still flinches from the idea of immediate marriage. Reaching the gold fields, they find the claim already taken. "Black Jack" lures Athol to a lonely spot and beats him into unconsciousness. Through a lucky chance Athol finds Berna. She tells him she has so far evaded Locasto and will die before she yields to him. They set a date for their marriage, the first of June. The Prodigal secures a claim and he, "Salvatore Jim," and Athol begin work on it.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Then I threw myself down on a bit of moss, and, covering my head with my coat to ward off the mosquitoes, in a few minutes I was dead to the world.

I was awakened by the Prodigal. "Rouse up," he was saying; "you've slept right round the clock. We've got to get back to town and record those claims. Jim's gone three hours ago."

I was sleep-stupid, sore, stiff in every joint. Racking pains made me groan at every movement, and the chill night air had brought on twinges of rheumatism, but we started off.

It was about nine in the morning when we got to the gold office. There was quite a number ahead of me, and I knew I was in for a long wait. I will never forget it. For three days, with the exception of two brief sleep-spells, I had been in a fierce helter-skelter of excitement, and I had eaten no very satisfactory food. As I stood in that sullen crowd I swayed with weariness, and my legs were doubling under me. I staggered forward and straightened up suddenly. I was near the wicket. Only two were ahead of me. A clerk was recording their claims. One had thirty-four above, the other fifty-two below. The clerk looked flustered, fatigued.

It was my turn. "I want to record eight below on Ophir," I said. "What name?" he asked. "I gave it. He turned up his book. 'Eight below, you say. Why, that's already recorded.'"

"Can't be," I retorted. "I just got down from there yesterday after planting my stakes."

"Can't help it. It's recorded by some one else, recorded early yesterday."

"Look here," I exclaimed; "what kind of a game are you putting up on me? I tell you I was the first on the ground. I alone staked the claim."

"That's strange," he said. "There must be some mistake. Anyway, you'll have to move on and let the others get up to the wicket. You're blocking the way. All I can do is to look into the matter for you, and I've got no time now. Come back tomorrow. Next, please."

The next man pushed me aside, and there I stood, gaping and gasping. A man in the waiting line looked at me pityingly.

"It's no use, young fellow; you'd better make up your mind to lose that claim. They'll flim-flam you out of it somehow. They've sent some one out now to stake over you. If you kick, they'll say you didn't stake proper. Then government officials is the crookedest bunch. Get a stand-in, young fellow."

"Well," I said, "I'm not going to be cheated out of my claim. If I've got to move heaven and earth—"

"You'd do nothing of the kind. If you get sassy there's the police to put the lid on you. You can talk till you're purple round the gills. It won't cut no figure. They've got us all clinched. We've got to take our medicine. It's no use going round bellyaching. You'd better go away and sit down."

And I did.

I had to see Berna at once. At last I had paid a visit to the Paragon restaurant, that new and glittering place of resort run by the Winkelsteins, but she was not on duty.

In the evening I returned. I took a seat in one of the curtained boxes. The place was brilliantly lit up, many-mirrored and daintily ornate in gilt and white. In the box before me a white-haired lawyer was entertaining a lady of easy virtue; in a box behind, a larkin quartette from the Pavilion theater was holding high revelry. There was no mistaking the character of the place. In the heart of the city's tenderloin it was a haunt of human riff-raff, a palace of gilt and guilt.

And it was in this place Berna worked. She waited on these waiters; she served those swine. She heard their loose talk, their careless oaths. She knew everything.

Oh, it was pitiful; it sickened me to the soul. I sat down and buried my face in my hands.

"Order, please."

I knew that sweet voice. It thrilled me, and I looked up suddenly. There was Berna standing before me.

She gave a quick start, then recovered herself. A look of delight came into her eyes, eager, vivid delight.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you again."

"Berna," I said, "what are you doing with that paint on your face?"

"Oh, I'm sorry." She was rubbing distressfully at a dab of rouge on her cheek. "I knew you would be cross, but I had to; they made me. It's just a little pink—all the women do it. It makes me look happier, and it doesn't hurt me any."

"Berna," boomed the rough, cantankerous voice of Madam, "attend to the customers."

"All right," I said; "get me anything. I just wanted to see you."

She hurried away. Presently she came hurrying round, bringing me some food.

"When can I see you, girl?" I asked.

"Tonight. See me home. I'm off at midnight."

"All right. I'll be waiting."

I wandered up and down the now familiar street, but the keen edge of my impression had been blunted. I no longer took the same interest in its sights. More populous it was, noisier, livelier than ever. Success was in the air. Men were drunk with it; carried off their feet, delirious. Money! It had lost its value.

Every one you met was "lousy" with it; threw it away with both hands, and fast as they emptied one pocket it filled up the others.

At midnight, at the door of the Paragon, I was waiting in a fever of impatience when Berna came out. She showed a vast joy at seeing me.

"Tell me what you've been doing, dear—everything. Have you made a stake? So many have. I have prayed you would, too. Then we'll go away somewhere and forget all this. Won't we, honey?"

She nestled up to me. She seemed to have lost much of her shyness. I don't know why, but I preferred my timid, shrinking Berna.

"It will take a whole lot to make me forget this," I said grimly.

"Yes, I know. Isn't it frightful? Somehow I don't seem to mind so much now. I'm getting used to it, I suppose. It's wonderful how we get accustomed to things, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered bitterly.

"You know, I've had several offers of marriage, too, really, really good ones from wealthy claim-owners."

"Yes," still more bitterly.

"Yes, young man; so you want to make a strike and take me away. Oh, how I plan and plan for us two. I don't care, my dearest, if you haven't got a cent in the world, I'm yours, always yours."

"That's all right, Berna," I said. "I'm going to make good. I've just lost a fifty-thousand-dollar claim, but there's more coming up. By the first of June next I'll come to you with a bank account of six figures. You'll see, my little girl, I'm going to make this thing stick."

"You foolish boy," she said; "it doesn't matter to me if you come to me a beggar in rags. Come to me anyway. Come, and do not fail."

She was extraordinarily affected. Full of unexpected little ways of endearment, and clung to me when we parted, making me promise to return very soon. Every look, every word, every act of her expressed a bright, fine, radiant love. I was satisfied, yet unsatisfied, and once again I entreated her.

"Berna, are you sure, quite sure, you're all right in that place among all that folly and drunkenness and vice? Let me take you away, dear."

"Oh, no," she said very tenderly. "I'm all right; would tell you at once, my boy, if I had any fear. Good-by, darling."

"Good-by, beloved."

I went away trembling on sun shine, trembling with joy, thrilled with love for her, blessing her anew.

Yet still the rouge stuck in my crop as if it were the symbol of some insidious decadence.

CHAPTER IX

IT WAS about two months later when I returned from a flying visit to Dawson for you two," I cried, exultantly bursting into the cabin.

Jim and the Prodigal, who were waiting on their bunks, leapt up eagerly. "For two whole months we had not heard from the outside."

I threw myself on my bunk voluptuously, and began re-reading my letters. There were some from Garry and some from mother. While still unreconciled to the life I was leading, they were greatly interested in my wildly cheerful accounts of the country. For my part I was only too glad mother was well enough to write, even if she did scold me sometimes.

But I was still aglow with memories of the last few hours. Once more I had seen Berna, spent moments with her of perfect bliss, left her with my mind full of exaltation and bewildered gratitude. I saw the love mists gather in her eyes. I felt her sweet lips mold themselves to mine, I thrilled with the sheathing ardor of her arms. Never

in my fondest imaginings had I conceived that such a wealth of affection would ever be for me.

Then I remembered something. "Oh, say, boys, I forgot to tell you. I met McCrimmon down the creek. You remember him on the trail, the halfbreed. He said he wanted to see us on important business. He has a proposal to make, he says, that would be greatly to our advantage. He's coming along this evening—What's the matter, Jim?"

Jim was staring blankly at one of the letters he had received. His face was a picture of distress, misery, despair.

"Old bad news, old man?"

"I've had a letter that's upset me. I'm in a terrible position. If ever I wanted strength and guidance, I want it now."

"Heard about that man?"

"Yes, it's him, all right; it's Mosher. I suspected it all along. Here's a letter from my brother. He says there's no doubt that Mosher is Mosley."

His eyes were stormy, his face tragic in its bitterness.

"Oh, you don't know how I worshipped that woman, trusted her, would have banked my life on her; and when I was away making money for her she ups and goes

ing snug in the ground just waiting for us. It's right in our mitt. Oh, it's a cinch, a cinch! If you boys are willing, we'll just draw up papers and sign an agreement right away. Is it a go?"

We nodded, so he got ink and paper and drew up a form of partnership.

"Now," said he, his eyes dancing, "now to secure that lay before anyone else cuts in on us. Geel out it's getting dark and cold outside these days. Snow falling; well, I must mush to Dawson tonight."

It was late next night when he returned, tired, wet, dirty, but irrepressibly jubilant.

"Hurrah, boys!" he cried. "I've clinched it. I saw Mister Manager of the big company. He was very busy, very important, very patronizing. We sparred round a bit like two fake fighters. Finally he agreed to let me have it on a 50 per cent basis. Don't faint, boys. Fifty per cent, I said. I'm sorry. It was the best I could do, and you know I'm not slow. That means they get half of all we take out. We signed the lay agreement, and everything's in shape. We've got the ground clinched, so get action on yourselves. There's where we make our first real stab at fortune. Here's where we even up on the hard jobs she's handed us in the past; here's where we score a bull's-eye, or I miss my guess. We're going to work for all we're worth—and then some. Are you there, boys, are you there?"

"We are," we shouted with one accord.

There was no time to lose. Every hour for us meant so much more of that precious pay-dirt that lay under the frozen surface. We ran up a little cabin and banked it nearly to the low eaves with snow. By and by more fell on the roof to the depth of three feet, so that the place seemed like a huge white hummock. In this little box of a home we were to put in many weary months.

Not that the time seemed long to us; we were too busy for that. Indeed, often we wished it were twice as long. We didn't talk much in those days. We just worked, worked, worked, and when we did talk it was of our work, our ceaseless work.

Neither cold nor fatigue could keep us away from the shaft and the drift. We had gone down to bed-rock, and were tunneling in to meet the hole the halfbreed had covered up. So far we had found nothing.

We were working two men to a shaft, burning our ground overnight. Our meals were hurriedly cooked and bolted. We grudged every moment of our respite from toil. Surely we would strike it soon.

Then one afternoon, the Something happened. It was Jim who was the chosen one. About three o'clock he signaled to be hoisted up, and when he appeared he was carrying a pan of dirt. "Call the others," he said.

"All together in the little cabin we stood round, while Jim washed out the pan in snow water melted over our stove. We could see gleams of yellow in the muddy water. We had got the thing, the big thing, at last.

"Hurry, Jim," I said, "or I'll die of suspense."

Patience he went on. There it was at last in the bottom of the pan, glittering gold, fine gold, coarse gold, nuggety gold.

"Now boys, you can whoop it up," said Jim quietly; "for there's many and many a pan like it down there in the drift."

Solemnly we shook hands all round.

It was the night of the discovery when the Prodigal made us an address.

"Look here, boys; do you know what this means? It means victory; it means freedom, happiness, the things we want, the life we love. We're going to get every cent of it, boys. There's a little over three months to do it in, leaving about a month to make sluice boxes and clean up the dirt. We've got to work like men at a burning barn. For my part, I'm willing to do stunts that will make my previous record look like a plugged dime. I guess you boys all feel the same way."

"You bet we do."

"Nuf said; let's get busy."

So once more, with redoubled energy, we resumed our tense, unremitting round of toil. It proved a most erratic and puzzling pay-streak—one day rich beyond our dreams, another too poor to pay for the panning. We swung on a pendulum of hope and despair.

Looking back, there will always seem to be something weird and incomprehensible in those twilight days, an unreality, a vagueness like some dreary, feverish dream. For three months I did not see my face in a mirror. Not that I wanted to, but I mention this just to show how little we thought of ourselves.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bakers of Long Ago

What is believed to be the world's earliest bakery was brought to light on the site of the ancient city of Jemdet Nasr by a research expedition to Mesopotamia. The remains consisted of clay mound ovens which are thought to have been built about 4,000 B. C.

"Commonwealths"

Four states have officially adopted the title of commonwealth—Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky.



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescriptive product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Why Be Sick?

SPINAL-MAGNETO, an inexpensive, maintained, self-SPINE treatment of Magnesia, Heat, Vibration, (also SUN-BATHS) Bandaged report recovery, other means having FAILED, from Arthritis, Backache, Constipation, Deafness, Diabetes, Gout, Indigestion, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Stomach Trouble, Lung, Kidney & Stomach Trouble, etc. RENT IT for 30 days and KNOW it will help, before buying. Rental allowed if bought; 9 out of 10 renters bought it. For FREE literature, etc., write: SPINAL-MAGNETO CO., 617 W. 2nd St., San Diego, Calif.

ASTHMA

QUICK RELIEF obtained by thousands through use of Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound. Its pleasant smoke vapor soothes and relieves. Originated in 1899 by Dr. Guild, specialist in respiratory diseases. Also relieves catarrh. Standard remedy at drugists: 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1, powder or cigarette form. Send for FREE TRIAL package of 6 cigarettes. J. H. Guild Co., Dept. W-1, Rupert, VT.

Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND

Noisy Pig Feeders Bother Man

Noisy mechanical pig feeders as an effect on health were discussed in a recent session of the British Medical Association in Manchester, England. Dr. Grace Griffith said the menace should be abolished. A mechanical pig feeder, she said, is fitted with a lid which the pig raises when it wants to eat and allows to bang down when the porker withdraws his nose. The uncertainty of not knowing when the next pig was going to eat so got on the nerves of one man at West Suffolk that he had to quit the neighborhood, the doctor stated.

Jumps 150 Pounds

A type of sweet potato grown in the Virgin Islands achieves a weight of 150 pounds, but we suppose in the seed catalogues it is represented as a good 300, at least.—Hamilton Evening Journal.

Could Put Up With Himself

"I don't see where we can put that lecturer up for the night."

"Don't worry. He always brings his own bunk."

Excellent Definition

Teacher—"What is the definition of flirtation?" Intelligent Pupil—"It is attention without intention."

Dainty White Dresses for Baby or Daughter made beautiful by Russ Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it.—Adv.

The Skyscraper Apartments

"So you've taken an apartment farther up?" "Yes, only five minutes more on the elevator."—Life.

COULD NOT SLEEP NIGHTS

Helped By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Fairhaven, Mass.—"I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during the Change of Life and I think it is a wonderful tonic. When I feel nervous and run-down my husband gets me a bottle right away. It is a great help to me and I think that if other people would only take it when they feel all run-down and take it as the directions say, they would find it a great benefit. My worst symptoms were nervousness and tired feelings. I could not sleep nights and I did not care about my work. I was so nervous I would cry if anyone looked at me."—Mrs. Ada Besse, 196 Washington Street, Fairhaven, Mass.



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Editorial

HUNTING POPULAR

For the season 1927-28 in the United States, including Alaska, more than 6,450,000 hunting licenses were issued and brought revenues amounting to \$9,300,000 to the states. The fees differ widely. For instance:

New York issued 675,780 licenses for \$699,873, while Pennsylvania collected \$1,006,159 for 517,729 licenses.

Each year the number of hunters' licenses, and consequently the revenue from them, has increased. In 1924-25 there were 4,904,740 hunters, paying \$6,190,863; in 1925-26 hunting licenses to the number of 5,168,353 were issued, bringing a revenue of \$6,872,812 to the states; and in 1926-27 there were 5,987,505 licenses issued for \$8,155,535.

In 1927-28, Delaware stood at the bottom of the list in total number of licenses issued, with 1,970 to residents and 344 to non-residents. Kentucky licensed 108,202 of its citizens to shoot, but gave permission to only 79 non-residents. Kansas had 115,165 home-grown hunters with only 92 companions from other states. New York welcomed 5,339 visitors, many of whom had combined fishing and sporting licenses.

It seems that the art of hunting holds greater and greater lure as time goes on.

OUR STANDARD OF LIVING

We of Campbell are indeed fortunate to be living in America today. Yet we often fail to appreciate our present advantages, allowing some small detail to distort our perspective. Perhaps the coffee for breakfast was not up to standard, or it may be something came up that made us late for lunch, or perchance the car had a flat tire, and as a result the world looks all wrong. But it's not!

We are living in a glorious age. We enjoy privileges and conveniences undreamed of by even the wealthiest classes of the previous generation. The luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of today. Our standard of living is the highest in the history of mankind. And, according to students of science and economics, we have hardly made a beginning.

Stop and think of our present standard of living; consider for a moment that the average income today is more than twice what it was less than a decade ago. Think of what this increase in living standards means to you and your family. Then stop a moment and look at the darker side of the picture. There are families in Campbell who are not enjoying a living standard in keeping with the times. Their standard of living is below the average—sometimes far below. These people deserve something more from life. Their need is not for charity—they ask only a chance to earn. We who are more fortunate in Campbell owe our fellow townsmen an opportunity to properly raise their children and share in the better things of life.

Never can we consider Campbell a truly prosperous community until every family enjoys an income sufficient to maintain the average standard of living. General employment at high wages is the answer—and we can best bring this about by the people of Campbell spending more dollars at home.

UNION DISTRICT

Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phillips of Lark avenue gave a family dinner party in honor of their daughter, Miss Laura Phillips, who is a grammar school teacher of Geyserville. The announcement of her engagement to W. C. Short of Santa Rosa was the happy motive of the affair. Their many friends are expressing good wishes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Noddin have returned from a week-end spent in Oakland visiting their son Charles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watson are the proud parents of a dainty baby girl. The little miss is named Deline Marie. They have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Watson of Lark avenue.

Tony Capici's new store on the Los Gatos-San Jose highway is doing a thriving business. Mrs. Capici and daughters, Rosa and Marie are sweet singers over KQW, San Jose.

Barnes and Ray Shannon of the reservoir on the Los Gatos highway, motored to Palo Alto Sat-

urday and witnessed the Oregon-Stanford football game. Mrs. Julius Shannon, who has been ill for the past two years, is improving.

Mrs. Emma Main attended a dinner in honor of Mr. Gilfillen of Salinas last Friday at Lloyd Main's home in San Jose. Cards were the diversion of the evening.

Miss Lena Lawrence of San Jose is staying with Mrs. Shannon.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

The Young Woman's club will meet with Mrs. Neil Best on Campbell avenue. Mrs. Best will be assisted by Mrs. William Lloyd.

Miss Carson of the high school faculty enjoyed a visit Sunday with her brother, who came down from Berkeley where he is a student of pharmacy at U. C.

Special—6 cakes Cocoa Almond soap and rubber sponge—value 60c. All for 49c at Shadle's Drug Store.

Here's Howe

BY E. W. HOWE
"The Sage of Potato Hill"



ARE YOU ORTHODOX?—QUEEN VICTORIA OLD THINGS AND NEW

As impressive reading as I have ever found in the writings of a first class man is from George Santayana:

"I have great respect for orthodoxy; not for those orthodoxies which prevail in particular schools or nations, and which vary from age to age, but for a certain shrewd orthodoxy which the sentiment and practice of laymen maintain everywhere. I think that common sense, in a rough, dogged way, is technically sounder than the special schools of philosophy, each of which squints and overlooks half the facts and half the difficulties in its eagerness to find some detail the key to the whole. I am animated by mistrust of all high guesses, and by sympathy with the old prejudices and workaday opinions of mankind; they are ill-expressed, but they are well grounded."

I also like Santayana because he said: "My system is not mine, nor is it new." I am prejudiced against those persons who show enthusiasm only in presence of something they consider new. Here is a leader in philosophy who has most respect for the old common sense as discovered by laymen in the school of practical experience, where all of us are students, and may become useful teachers.

Harvard college is just a building; outside is the world:

I am orthodox; I accept what the best of my neighbors say; I accept that shrewd orthodoxy which the sentiment and practice of laymen maintain everywhere.

Will Busch of San Francisco was a Sunday visitor at the W. T. Alexander home.

Local Campfire girls will be benefitted and boosters for a movie to be screened at the local playhouse during the first week of November, through the generosity of the management.

Camp Fire Girls Food Sale Saturday at Gilson's.

Local people are glad to see the resumption of choral classes in the Campbell high night school. Mr. and Mrs. Homer DeWitt Pugh are again in charge of the class which meets Thursday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. W. I. Merrill and P. H. Dunlap returned Saturday from Los Angeles where they had been in attendance at the Masonic grand lodge.

Get Bank Credits with your cash purchases at Shadle's.

The chamber of commerce met at the community hall Monday evening at 8 o'clock for the regular business session.

Women's Guild of the Congregational church will tie comforters or make aprons to order. Phone 11-J.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hedegard were week-end visitors in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. King of San Jose are enjoying a visit from Mr. King's father, E. V. King of Dallas, Tex.

Camp Fire Girls Food Sale Saturday at Gilson's.

Walter Smily and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Knappen were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Dunlap this evening on the occasion of the latter's second wedding anniversary.

Colleen Moore Powder and Perfume—\$1.50 value for 89c. Shadle's Drug Store.

W. C. Cutting visited with his daughter Verna, Friday, motoring to Modesto Saturday to visit with relatives and friends over the week-end. Verna is the home economics teacher at the Los Banos high school.

Camp Fire Girls Food Sale Saturday at Gilson's.

Alexandra Mazurova George is going to give four talks (followed by discussions) on Russian literature, to a group of San Jose, Los Gatos and Campbell ladies. The first meeting will take place at the home of Mrs. Gordon Ansley at 7 o'clock Friday evening, Oct. 18.

When one encounters a good thing in reading, a pleasurable thrill follows—I never greatly admired Queen Victoria. Possibly it was because her virtues were exploited so much; one soon gets too much of that. But years ago I read that, as a girl, Victoria was compelled to learn housekeeping, and it gave me a pleasurable thrill, for I believe in training of that sort. Occasionally I have heard a woman say, boastfully, that she never had her hands in dishwater, and there after I think of her as I do of a professional actress, athlete, suffragette, or follower of the "Occult."

A great medical association lately held its annual convention. The best men in the profession were attracted, and one old fellow, recognized as without a peer in his line, bluntly told them that with all their investigation, practically nothing of value in prolonging life had been discovered in many years. That old age is the same inexorable thing it has always been. With all our learnings, old things finally demonstrate their superiority over the new.

There is a kind of woman men obey with a good deal of cheerfulness. But she is always a capable boss, and does not ask too much; when too much is demanded, men tighten up and display a meanness women cannot equal.

Half the people are martyrs to unreasonable, disagreeable kin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wehmeyer entertained friends at dinner Thursday evening, the occasion being their thirty-sixth wedding anniversary.

Miss Lillian Archibald of Modesto is spending a few days with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Speegle.

"Daddy, teacher inquired after after you today."

"Really?"

"Yes; he said he would like to know what sort of a fool my father was."

(Continued from Page 5)

He might have won Mem via pity if he had not tried to win her from her career. He was a monopolist by inheritance, and he wanted all there was of Mem. Boas had one terrific rival, the manyheaded monster.

It is not hard to seduce an actress from the stage, but it is hard to keep her off. There is a courtship that the public alone can offer and no one man can give her as much applause as a nightly throng's. That form of polyandry is irresistible to most of the women who have been lucky enough to get on the stage or the screen and to win success there.

One day Bermond summoned her to his New York office and said:

"How about getting to work again? I've got a great story for you and they need you at the studio. On your way back you can make personal appearances at four or five cities, but it's back on the job for you, eh? That's right! That's a good girl!"

Bermond offered Mem neither ease nor devotion—except devotion to her publication. He offered her toil and wages, hardships and discontent, sleepless malaise, and bad press notices.

And she could have flung her arms about him and kissed him.

Austin Boas was at the station to see Mem off. For his last fling

he filled her drawing room with flowers—poor things that drooped and died and were flung from the platform by the porter.

Long after their spell had been forgotten, the sad gaze of Boas as he cried goodbye haunted her.

She had murmured to him, "When I make another picture or two I may decide to be sensible, and then—if you are still—"

"I shall be waiting," said Boas. And he gave up with a groan: "Marry me anyway and have your career, too. I'll put my money into your company. I'll back you to the limit!"

* * * *

At Buffalo and at Cleveland she paused to come before huge audiences and prattle her little piece. When she reached Chicago she found waiting her a long letter from the manager of the moving-picture house in Calvary. He implored her to visit her old home town and make an appearance at his theater. He promised that every body would be there.

This was success indeed! To appear in New York was triumph, but to appear in her native village was almost divine vengeance.

(Continued Next Week)

Special—Silque hand lotion and nail brush, 75c value, 50c at Shadle's Drug Store.

It's a Mystery...

Why men neglect to protect the estates they have labored for years to build. How often have you seen hard-earned fortunes lost and wasted because the provider neglected to leave a will with a dependable trustee?

A few minutes of your time spent in reading "Safe Guarding Your Family's Future" will tell you what you should know about protecting your estate. Ask us to send you this interesting little booklet.

TRUST DEPARTMENT

American Trust Company

Since 1854

Commercial • Savings • Trust • Investments
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Some New Stationery

A new lot of fancy boxed writing paper in pastel shades with beautiful quill pens to match. Per box

85 cents

All kinds of Hallowe'en novelties for the kids—1c up

Smith's

Stationery

School Supplies

Sporting Goods



SOULS FOR SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

TWELFTH INSTALMENT

He was so thwarted and rejected that he sent her home alone. She was grateful for that.

She tolled all the while at her own technic. When she finished the short comedy with Ned Ling she was drawn back to the Bermond studio for the principal role in a big picture. She was not yet to be starred, but she was to be "featured" with a young man, Clive Cleland, who was spoken of as Tom Holby's successor.

Young Cleland fell prey to her growing fascinations, but he was so much her business rival and their professional love scenes were such duels for points, that she could not think of him as an amateur in love. Besides, an unsuspected loyalty to Tom Holby was awakened in her heart by the pretense that this raw youth was Tom's successor.

Holby was out in the Mojave desert on location, and his absence pleaded for him like a still, small voice that interfered with the murmurs of nearer lovers.

She was full of impatience of every sort.

She had fallen out of love with herself.

Mannerisms that directors or critics pointed out, or that she discovered for herself, vexed her to distraction. It was a strange thing



"But you'd be hugging other girls before the camera—and other men would be hugging me."

to recognize in herself a fault that she detested in others and was yet unable to eradicate. Striving to avoid these recurrent tricks, she grew self-conscious, and people said that she was getting a swelled head when she was not in a panic. What they took for conceit was the bluff of a rabbit at bay.

And all the while the longing for a home, a single love, a normal average life, alternated with onsets of cynical defiance for the conventions.

She was in a marriage mood and her heart and her friends gave her conflicting counsel: Don't marry an actor! Don't marry a business man! Don't marry anybody!

Ned Ling was one of Mem's most abject worshippers. He had taught her the mechanics of comedy, and helped her tragedy thereby. Without being able to laugh at himself, he taught her to laugh at herself and at him.

He grew morbid for her. He cast away his fears of love and his horror of marriage, and his sense of humor at the same time. He flew into tempests of anger at her unresponsiveness and became a tragic clown at whom she could not help smiling.

He made comic exits from her presence, swearing he would never see her again, and comic returns. But Mem would only flirt with him, and with anyone else who amused her.

Tom Holby came back from the desert browner than ever, less subtle, more undeniable than ever. He fought hard for her in the spirit of the hero he was playing at the time, a man who acted on the theory that the cave man is woman's ideal and that she prefers above all things to be caressed with a club.

But these highly advertised tactics were not to Mem's liking, at least at the moment. When he grew to fierce she struck him in the mouth with a fist that had stout muscles for a driving bar, and she brought the blood to his nose with a slash of her elbow.

She rallied at his awkward confusion, but thereafter she was out when he called.

Eventually she met him again at the golden wedding anniversary of an old actor and accepted his apologies and his company home.

"How wonderful," she said on the palm-gloomed way, "to be loved by one man for fifty years!"

"I could love you for a hundred," Tom groaned. "Let's get married and quit wasting so much time."

"I wouldn't give up my career for all the happiness in the world."

"I don't suppose any woman ever gave up her career when she got married!"

"Most women have been brought up for a career of housekeeping. A father or mother told them what to do, and scolded them when they did something else. They learned

how to make dresses and sew and cook, and that was their business. When they married they just moved their shop over to their husband's home and expected him to provide the raw stock and tell them what to do and scold 'em if they didn't do it, or spank 'em."

"But you'd be hugging other girls before the camera—and other men would be hugging me."

"As long as it didn't mean anything."

"But it might come to—"

"Well, for the matter of that, a lot of hugging goes on in a lot of homes—and outside of them. No guaranty ever went with marriage that was good for anything, and there's none now. We've got as

good a chance as anybody."

"But what if we should fall out? Divorces are so loathsome."

"They're pretty popular, though. They're more decent than the old way—and divorces are as ancient as the world. Moses brought down from heaven the easiest system."

"Yes, but Christ said—"

"Christ said nothing about a woman ever getting a divorce at all. He only allowed a man to get it on one ground."

He took her in his arms, but Mem was not in a gambling mood, and withdrew herself. She wanted to ponder a while longer.

When she was under Tom Holby's spell, she was easily convinced that the ideal partnership was an actor and an actress. She had been of a mind that actress and director made the perfect combination. Claymore had left his autograph on her soul.

Then a rich man fell into her orbit and wanted to put "big money" back of her, organize The Remember Steddon Productions, Inc., and make pictures exclusively for her. But he talked so large that he frightened off her love.

This love business was driving Mem frantic. In all the pictures she had played, as in the traditions of her girlhood, love was a thing that came once and never came again. Good women knew their true fate-mates at once and never swerved in their devotion.

Yet here she was, passionately interested in several gentlemen, finding each of them fascinating just so far, and faithful thereafter. Instead of giving herself meekly to the bliss of matrimony she was debating its advisability, practicability and profit. She must be at heart a bad woman; one of those adventuresses.

Then came The Pause. Hard times struck the movies so hard that in the studios they became no times at all.

Most of the motion picture factories disarmed entirely, and the rest of them nearly. The Bermond studios kept one company at work, and it was not Mem's company.

She was stricken with terror as she confronted her problems.

What could she do now—not to perfect her shame, but to make a living? She would be poorer than her father. She would have to discontinue the installments of that "conscience fund" which she had learned to expect from Doctor Bretherick. She could not even pay the installments on numerous vanities she had bought for herself from the shops.

Her lovers were as defutured as herself. Authors, actors, directors—all—instead of marriage they talked poverty.

No one had talked hard times longer or louder than Bermond. Having heard him croak of disaster so long, Mem assumed her contract would be cancelled Bermond sent for her and she went prepared for

the guillotine. He said:

"I like you, Miss Steddon. You've worked hard. I find that the exhibitors are writing in: 'Give us more Steddon stuff. Why don't you star her?' What the exhibitors say goes—as far as it can."

"We can't star you now. But I believe in you. I want people to know you. And when the good times come again you must be ready for them. So I'll go on paying you your salary and send you on a tour of personal appearances."

"Your last picture looks like a knock-out. I'm going to take down Clive Cleland's name and feature yours alone. I want you to go East—to New York and Boston. Philly, Chi., all the big cities, and let the people see you when they see the picture."

"We'll pay your traveling expenses and so your mother can go along as your guest."

"Of course!" Mem cried. "And it's ever so kind of you."

The abandoned suitors of Mem made a sorry squad at the Santa Fe station. They stared at her with humiliated devotion.

Bermond sent a bushel of flowers and fruit to her drawing room. He saw to it that there were reporters to give her a good send-off.

Soon after her arrival the papers of New York were publishing her engaging eyes, the bill boards all about town were announcing her, and in paragraph and advertisement she was celebrated. But so many others were also claiming the public eye! other newcomers and favorites in impregnable esteem.

People who had come from Calverly were claiming Mem as a fellow-citizen and feeling that they gained some mystic authority from mere vicinage. Some of them called upon her in person or by telephone and set her heart agog.

The night her own picture was shown she stepped out before what seemed to be the world in convention assembled. She felt as tiny as she looked to the farthest girl in the ultimate seat up under the back rafters.

She parroted the little speech that Bermond's publicity man had written for her and afterward wondered what she had said. There was a cloudburst of handclapping and a salvo from the orchestra that swept her from the stage into the wings.

And that was that!

She did not know that one of the town's wealthiest men was loling in a fauteuil down front and that her beauty and her terror smote him.

His motto had been, "Go after

what you want, and bring it home!" He prided himself on being a go-getter who had not often come back foiled. He wanted Mem and he went after her. He was willing even to bring her home.

There was no difficulty about meeting Mem for a man whose name spelled of millions honestly amassed and gracefully dispersed.

Austin Boas came humbly to Mem to pay his respects, and his enormous name made her tremble as her bisque daintiness set him aquiver. He was shy, ashamed of his own lack of heroic beauty; and Mem was dazed to find herself feeling sorry for him. Pity was a dangerous mood for her.

(Continued on Page 4)

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY SPECIALS

Del Maiz Corn, two No. 2 cans	35c
Diamond Matches, 6 boxes	23c
I.X.L. (not Boneless) Tamales, 2 cans	23c
Tree Tea, Black or Green, 1-2 lb.	35c
White King Powder, pkg.	39c
Del Monte Early Garden Peas, 2 cans	33c
Acme Chloride of Lime, can	11c
Fluffo Shortening, 4 lbs.	87c
Geisha Crab, No. 2 1-2 can	33c
Head Rice, 5 lbs.	38c
Folger's Coffee, 2 lbs.	95c

PARA-DI-CHLORO BENZENE for tree borers. Now is the time to apply

We carry ORTHO Brand in all sizes

COVER CROP SEED

Mellilotus

Vetch

Barley

GET OUR PRICES

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 37

Service and Dependability.

No Community Can
Become Greater Than
Its Water Supply
Save The Valley's Water

WATER CONSERVATION DISTRICT
ELECTION

Tues., Nov. 5

Water Conservation Committee

Leroy Anderson, Chairman

R. P. Van Orden, Sec.

A BIG, HUSKY TIRE

— combining OUTSTANDING quality and LOW price, and backed by The Greatest Name in Rubber!

MILLIONS of Pathfinders have been built by Goodyear, and they have served satisfactorily and well.

Now Goodyear offers a vastly improved Pathfinder.

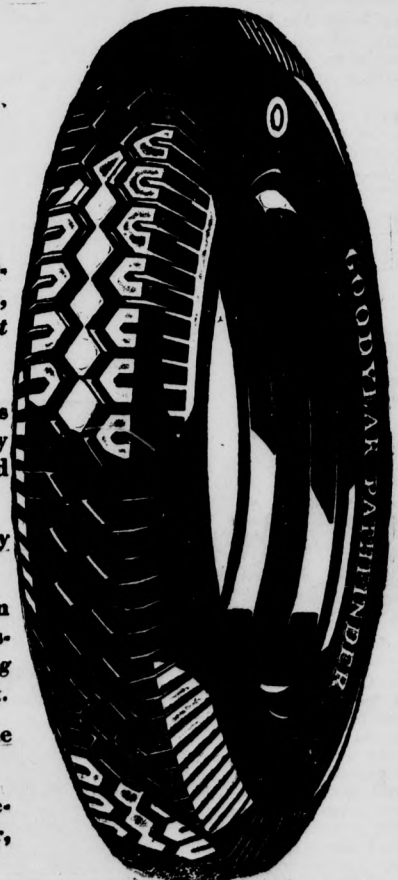
Literally a great step ahead in tire-making, because it successfully combines outstanding quality at surprisingly low cost.

It's a big, husky tire—handsome and rugged.

Its wide and heavy tread, designed for slow and even wear, delivers exceptional traction.

Beneath that stout tread is a tough and sinewy carcass made of genuine supertwist cord.

Big, strong, good-looking, dependable — high in value and low in price—a genuine Goodyear product through and through.



HALIWELL & JONES

Opposite Schools

Campbell, Calif.



THE STRANGEST ROMANCE EVER WRITTEN!

The story of a girl who married the man she—hated! Never was there a more exciting, thrilling, intriguing story—and it's by that great ace of story tellers, Arthur Somers Roche.

READ IT EVERY WEEK IN THE

Campbell Press

Starting

OCTOBER 29

Los Angeles Boy Needed Help



Leroy Young, 1116 Georgia St., Los Angeles, is a "regular fellow," active in sports, and at the top in his classes at school. To look at him now, you'd think he never had a day's sickness but his mother says: "When Leroy was just a little fellow, we found his stomach and bowels were weak. He kept suffering from constipation. Nothing he ate agreed with him. He was fretful, feverish and puny."

"When we started giving him California Fig Syrup his condition improved quickly. His constipation and biliousness stopped and he has had no more trouble of that kind. I have since used California Fig Syrup with him for colds and upset spells. He likes it because it tastes so good and I like it because it helps him so wonderfully!"

California Fig Syrup has been the trusted standby of mothers for over 50 years. Leading physicians recommend it. It is purely vegetable and works with Nature to regulate, tone and strengthen the stomach and bowels of children so they get full nourishment from their food and waste is eliminated in a normal way. Four million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it. Always look for the word "California" on the carton to be sure of getting the genuine.

AS FIRST AID

Use Hanford's
Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited

BROODERS, INCUBATORS, BABY CHICKS, All poultry supplies, lowest prices, big discounts. ZABEL, WHOLESALE HOUSE, 8823 So. Hooper Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

LET ME SELL YOUR BUSINESS. My plan gets results. Write now for full particulars. J. E. DEAN - FAIRMONT, NEB.

SALESMEN WITH CARS To call on stockmen. Opportunity to earn \$100 week. Kalo, 40 Montgomery, San Francisco.

Farm Corporation

PROFIT-SHARING membership in 10,000-acre corporation (farm, new agriculture empire, Southwest Utah; \$750 each; terms; 5-acre bonus with each membership. Rare chance for big profits. Sound investment. Highest endorsement. Write for illustrated book. DEVEL UNITED COLONY FARMING ASSN 355 S. Broadway - Los Angeles

Case of Jaundice

Judge Harper Harb of Little Rock, who recently condemned for blasphemy President Charles Smith of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, said at a luncheon the other day:

"It's bad enough to be an atheist, but to go about the country trying to rob others of their faith shows a spirit jaundiced in the extreme."

"Such a spirit is like that which prevailed in the schoolroom. The schoolmaster said to a boy:

"A synonym for 'friends,' Jones."

"Money, sir," Jones answered.

"Quite right, Jones," said the schoolmaster."

How Smart Are Yuh?

"Mr. Smith, can you tell me where the Augarten bridge is?"

"How did you know my name was Smith?"

"I guessed it."

"Then guess where the Augarten bridge is,"—Faun, Vienna.

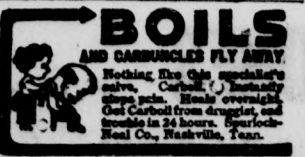
ONE PRESCRIPTION MADE FAMILY DOCTOR FAMOUS



Seldom has any single act been of greater benefit to mankind than that of Dr. Caldwell in 1885, when he wrote the prescription which has carried his fame to the four corners of the earth.

Over and over, Dr. Caldwell wrote the prescription as he found men, women and children suffering from those common symptoms of constipation, such as coated tongue, bad breath, headaches, gas, nausea, biliousness, no energy, lack of appetite, and similar things.

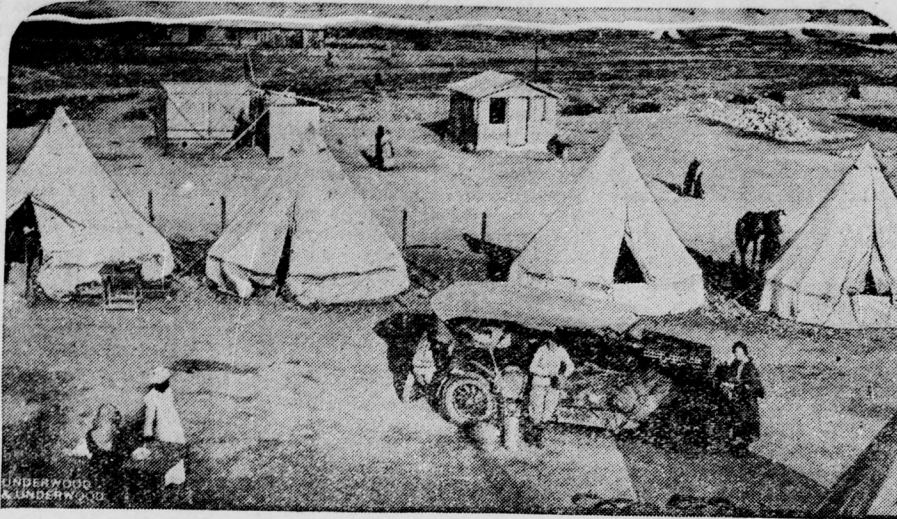
Demand for this prescription grew so fast, because of the pleasant, quick way it relieved such symptoms of constipation, that by 1888 Dr. Caldwell was forced to have it put up ready for use. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is always ready at any drugstore.



BOILS

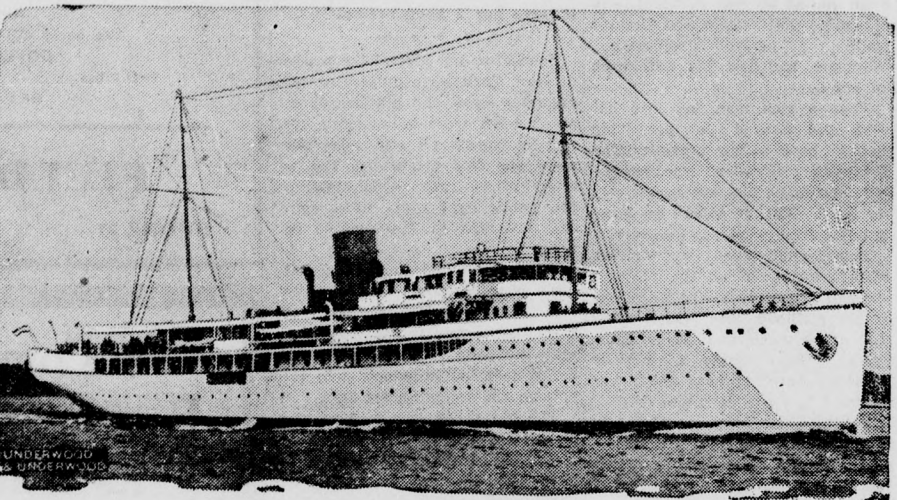
AND CARBUNCLES FLY AWAY. Nothing like this ointment's action. Carbuncles, boils, abscesses, skin eruptions, etc. Get Carbuncle Ointment, and trouble is 24 hours. Stryker-Rand Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Outpost of the British in Transjordan



This photograph shows Amman, the British outpost in Transjordan where armored cars and airplanes are kept in readiness against Arab hostilities. The armored cars patrol out into the desert daily to guard cars carrying government mail from Bagdad and also to give assistance and protection to airplanes that have made forced landings.

American Gets World's Largest Private Yacht



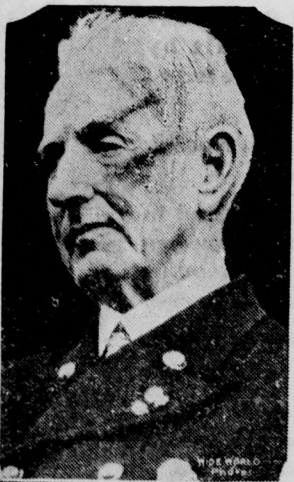
The magnificent Orion, called the largest private yacht in the world, after being launched at Krupp's Germania shipyards at Kiel, was turned over to and accepted by Julius Forstmann of New York. The ship is said to have cost nearly two million dollars. It has two Diesel motors of 3,600 horse power each, and can go 16 knots an hour. A crew of 50 is needed to run the ship.

PROF. A. M. BUSWELL



Prof. A. M. Buswell of the University of Illinois and his assistants have devised a practicable method of making illuminating power and heating gas from corn stalks. It is expected that farmers will be able to take full advantage of the device.

NEW HEAD OF G. A. R.

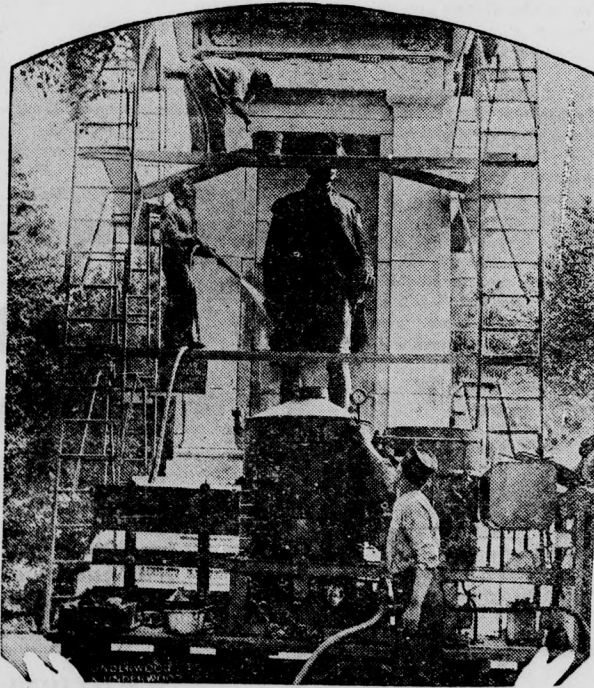


Edwin J. Foster of Worcester, Mass., who was elected commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the national meeting in Portland, Maine.

Has Many Uses

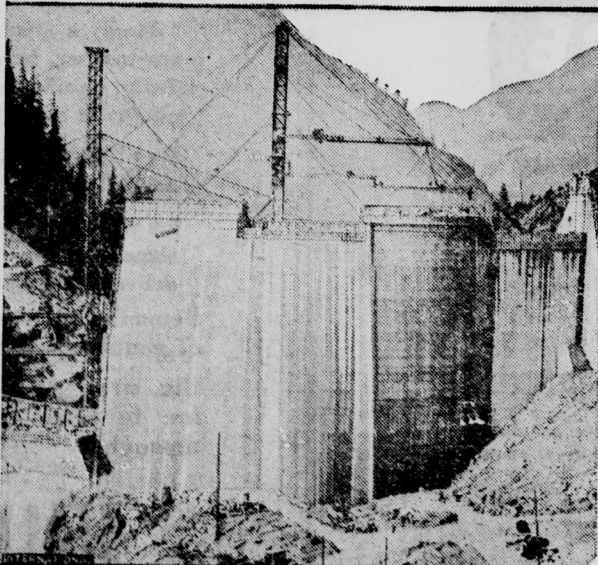
Mica has a little name, but a long list of uses. In addition to the employment of sheet mica, the scrap has been ground up for use in wall-paper, fancy paint, ornamental tile, concrete facing, lubricant for auto tires, axle grease, annealing steel, dusting agent for rolled roofing, Christmas tree snow, insulator for pipes and boiler covering, fireproof paints and other uses "too numerous to mention."

Cleaning the Capital's Statues



All the numerous statues of generals, admirals and statesmen that adorn the parks and avenues of Washington have been getting their annual cleaning. The photograph shows workmen polishing up the statue of John Paul Jones.

Diablo Dam, Highest in the World



A view of the Diablo dam in northwestern Washington which when completed will be 380 feet high and 1,200 feet long. The dam, which will be the highest in the world, will develop 320,000 horse power by backing up 90,000 feet of water for a distance of seven miles.



To Identify Genuine Aspirin

THE increasing use of Bayer Aspirin every year is proof that it has no ill effects. It is the accepted antidote for pain. It always helps; it never harms. Quick relief when you've a headache, or cold; or are suffering from neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatic pains yield, too, if you'll only give these tablets a chance. But you want genuine Aspirin, so look for the Bayer Cross on every tablet. The box always bears the name Bayer and the word "genuine" printed in red. Proven directions inside.

Aspirin is the trade mark Monoaceticacidester



of Bayer Manufacture of Salicylicacid

We realize when a man has "evolved" far beyond us—and between us there is a great gulf fixed.

A young man can have such a headless mind that he doesn't know what vocation he wants to follow.

School-day scuffs vanish with a touch—

At the touch of the dapper scuffs disappear, color is restored uniformly to faded shoes. More than 50 long-life shines—50 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
SHOE POLISH



Not Homemade
Goof—"Home ties are hard to break aren't they?" Spook—"I don't know. I always buy mine."

Prospects Good
"Has Algy proposed yet?"
"Not yet, but he has a folder on Niagara Falls."

Here's one granddaughter who takes advice from elders

Schoolgirl learns simple health measure

WITH all the talk there is nowadays about the independence of the sub-deb generation, your reporter got a great kick out of hearing a grandmother describe how her granddaughter was following a good old tried and true method of improving her general health.

"My granddaughter, Margaret," says Mrs. Zell of 6231 Catherine Street, Philadelphia, "read about Nujol, was interested in it, so sent for a sample." It seems she has been taking a tablespoon of Nujol once a day since and expects to continue this treatment. Already she has found an improvement in her general health, her system functioning normally where other remedies had failed.

That's one of the best things about Nujol. It is just as harmless for young girls, or babies even, as it is for adults. For Nujol contains no medicines or drugs. It can't upset



Starting right

you because it works so easily and regularly, in a normal fashion.

Nujol was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. It can be bought anywhere for about the price of a ticket to a good movie. Get a bottle of Nujol today and try it, won't you? In sealed packages.

Stone Houses Increasing

During the present year, according to one limestone producer, more stone has been used in the construction of homes, than during any like period in history.

Before marriage a girl clings to a man's neck; after marriage she walks on it.

Spry Uncle

Tim Hay—So you made a lot of money playing at Monte Carlo, did you, Uncle Eli? What did you play—roulette?

Uncle Eli—No, saxophone.

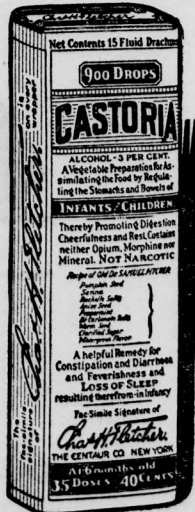
It is still undecided whether fishing for suckers is an obtuse or acute angle.

When Babies CRY

Babies will cry, often for no apparent reason. You may not know what's wrong, but you can always give Castoria. This soon has your little one comforted; if not, you should call a doctor. Don't experiment with medicines intended for the stronger systems of adults! Most of those little upsets are soon soothed away by a little of this pleasant-tasting, gentle-acting children's remedy that children like.

It may be the stomach, or may be the little bowels. Or in the case of older children, a sluggish, constipated condition. Castoria is still

the thing to give. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment, and could by no possibility do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue; won't play, can't sleep, is fretful or out of sorts. Get the genuine; it always has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.





• Our • Standard • of • Living •

Thousands of years ago men and women dwelt in caves. The women and children huddled together while the men went out with spear and hatchet to secure that primal want of all mankind—FOOD.

This food was the raw flesh of wild animals; clothing, wild animal's skins. Comfort, as we know it, was then unknown. Safety for self and family was dependent upon the skill to kill.

The only law was the law of might. The strong survived—the weak and sick perished.

Gradually, through the ages, man's standard of living improved, until today the standard of living the world over is higher than any time since the dawn of history and people of the United States have more of the comforts and luxuries of living than the people of any other country.

We, of the United States, are blessed with greater prosperity, greater pleasure, luxury and more conveniences than any other group of people in the history of mankind.

America abounds with opportunity for study, safe and healthful work—the kind of work that leaves the worker with enough leisure

for recuperation and recreation—time to partake of the joy of living.

Working conditions are better than in any other country. Not only are working conditions better and hours of labor shorter, but most important of all, our workers enjoy an opportunity to earn sufficient income to meet the cost of the highest standards of living in all human history.

During the last score of years the income of the average family has more than doubled. This has resulted in allowing most of us to enjoy comforts and pleasures that our fathers could but dream of.

But there are still those among us who have failed to prosper in like proportion. There are families whose annual income is below that necessary to properly raise their children—our future citizens. It is our duty to our community to furnish these wage earners with the opportunity of earning a sufficient income to maintain the average standard of living. General employment at high wages is the heart of our prosperity.

One method of creating this opportunity of service to others is to foster home industry—promote our community's welfare—enjoy the highest standard of living possible to each one of us individually.

This page is presented by the undersigned in the interest of this community's welfare. We gratefully acknowledge our debt to our customers and clients who are enabling us to earn a livelihood in this community and dedicate ourselves and our interests to the raising of the standard of living in

CAMPBELL

BERNHARDT'S
CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

BUSY BEE RESTAURANT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS
CANDIES : CIGARS : CIGARETTES

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All Work Called For and Delivered
147 North Central Ave. Phone Campbell 167
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Printing for Particular People Properly Produced
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PRESCRIPTIONS, DRUGS AND SUNDRIES
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Office Hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office: Curry Bldg., Phone 166
Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

BOHNETT, HILL & CAMPBELL
Attorneys and Counselors
First National Bank Bldg.
San Jose California

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Lester Brackett, Noble Grand Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secy.

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A thorough and complete course is offered pupils in the art of piano playing. Pupils may enter at any time. Supervised practice may be arranged for.
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\$25. 3 rms & bath, fireplace, furn.
\$20. 3 rms & bath, fireplace, unfur.
\$20. 3 rms, furn including light
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WANTED—To hear from Carpenter who will give half cash and half work for winter rent. Write P. O. Box 113.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That default having been made in the payment of installment of interest on the promissory note secured by that certain Deed of Trust executed by JOE HANSEN and EVALYN HANSEN, husband and wife, to SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO., a Corporation, as Trustee, and S. N. HEDEGARD and ANNIE M. HEDEGARD, husband and wife, as Beneficiaries, dated August 18th, 1928, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, on the 22nd day of August, 1928, in Volume 423 of Official Records, at Page 31 and following; which said note and deed of trust were, by instrument dated the 25th day of August, 1928, and recorded on the 25th day of May, 1929, in the office of the County Recorder of Santa Clara County, California, in Volume 463 of Official Records, Page 291 et seq., assigned by said S. N. Hedegard and Annie M. Hedegard, husband and wife, to L. D. Bohnett, who is now the owner and holder thereof;
And default having been made in the payment of interest due November 18th, 1928, upon said note, and said default having continued for more than one month, and the owner and holder of said note and deed of trust having exercised his option to declare the entire principal and interest on said note to be immediately due and payable;
And application in writing having been made to the undersigned, as Trustee under said deed of trust, by L. D. Bohnett, the owner and holder of said note and deed of trust, that the undersigned sell the premises by said deed of trust conveyed, and hereinafter described, as in said deed of trust provided; NOW, THEREFORE, The under-

signed Trustee will, on the 17 day of October, 1929, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock A. M. of that day, at the front door of the County Court House of Santa Clara County, in the city of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, in pursuance of the provisions of said deed of trust, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in United States Gold Coin, the land and premises situated in the County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point which is on a line 2 feet Easterly measured at right angles from the Easterly line of the Santa Clara and Los Gatos Road, 50 feet wide, being distant along said line parallel with the Easterly line of said Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road, North 240 feet from the Southerly line of Lot 1 as shown upon the Map of P. G. Keith's Subdivision in the Northwest 1/4 of the Southwest 1/4 of Section 26, T. 7 S. R. 1 W. M. D. M. which said Map is of record in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, in Book "D" of Maps, Page 169, records of said County, and running thence from said point of beginning and parallel with the Easterly line of said Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road and distant 2 feet therefrom, North 60 feet; thence S. 89 degrees 26 minutes E. and parallel with the Southerly line of said Lot 1, 316 feet 10 inches; thence South and parallel with the Easterly line of said Road, 60 feet; thence N. 89 degrees 26 minutes W. and parallel with said Southerly line of Lot 1, 316 feet 10 inches to the point of beginning, and being a part of said Lot 1 of P. G. Keith's Subdivision as hereinabove referred to.
DATED: September 10th, 1929
SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO., (CORPORATE SEAL) By L. P. EDWARDS, President
Bohnett, Hill & Campbell, Attys., San Jose, Calif. (2-3-4-5-6)

TAXES — 1929
Office of the TAX COLLECTOR, county of Santa Clara, State of California, San Jose, California, October 1, 1929.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the taxes for the fiscal year, commencing July 1, 1929, and ending June 30, 1930, will become due and payable:

First Installment. The tax on all personal property, a lien on or secured by land, and one half of the tax on all real property will be due and payable Monday, October 21, 1929, and delinquent Monday, December 2, 1929 at 5 o'clock P. M. when 10 per cent will be added to all of said first installment remaining unpaid.

Second Installment. The remaining one-half of the tax on all real property will be due and payable January 13, 1930, and delinquent April 28, 1930, at 5 o'clock P. M. when 5 per cent will be added to all taxes remaining unpaid.

Taxpayers may, if they desire to do so, pay the whole tax in one payment.

For the purpose of receiving taxes I will be in Campbell at the American Trust Company Bank on Monday, November 4, 1929, during banking hours, and at the Tax Collector's office in the Hall of Justice building, corner of St. James and Market streets, San Jose, California.

Campbell Union High School Notes

The Girls' League of the Campbell Union High school will have charge of this column and will fill it with news written by the students to let the people of Campbell know that our school is on the map and has some pep. Reporters have been appointed in each organization to report to the editor-in-chief and her assistant. They are:

Editor-in-Chief Helen Buck
Assistant Ruth Bollinger
Senior Reporter Vesta Anderson
Junior Reporter Muriel Crothers
High Soph Mary Jackson
Low Soph Dorothea Willis
High Frosh Daphne Marden
Low Frosh Idell Fulton
Girls' League Ruth Lydell

WE LOSE

Friday, Oct. 11, the Campbell 110's played the Santa Clara 110's. The local quint was composed of: Johnny Stajonovich, center; Danny Furtado (captain), forward; Melvin DeSelle, forward; Harry Bloom, guard; Clyde Hughes, guard, and Joseph Fisci, Louis Mammini, Henry Kuraski, James Higuchi, Frank Preglasico and Alfred Beer, subs.

The score was 19 to 8 in favor of Santa Clara, although the local boys did everything they could to prevent it, putting up a hard fight. There were several good plays made by the forwards and the guards and center played a good game.

A VICTORY

After our 110's were defeated by the Santa Clara team the Campbell 120's went up against the Santa Clara 120's for revenge and got it to the tune of 28-3.

The Santa Clara boys put up a brave fight but in vain.

Ralph Fulton, forward, and Lealand Lea, running guard, were high score men, both caging 9 points.

The team: Ralph Fulton, forward; Frank Gomez, forward; Raymond DeSelle, center; Lealand Lea, running guard; Vincent Buchalato, side guard, and Pearly Payne and Robert Woods, subs.

KIWANIS NOTES

Campbell Kiwanians had several treats by way of program today when Royal Page took the chair.

Jack Dodgin of the Vallejo club, who is on his regular vacation tour with Mrs. Dodgin, gave an interesting movie of the Kiwanis district delegation enroute to and at the international convention at Milwaukee. Mr. Dodgin took movies of the club house and members

nia, daily, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M. to and including Monday, April 28, 1930.

The second installment is payable in the Tax Collector's office, San Jose.

THOMAS BODLEY,
Tax Collector of Santa Clara City.
(5 6 7 8 9 10)

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

J. H. Bennett, Pastor

This Sunday at 11 a. m.—"Neighbors' Day." Bring a friend or neighbor to church. A nursery to accommodate the younger children will be open during the hour of worship.

At 7:30 p. m.—"Young People's Night." This means that they will be responsible for the arrangements of the program. There will also be a choir of young people.

The regular meeting of the Women's Guild will take place Thursday, Oct. 31, at the Manse.

The next meeting of the Friendship club will be at the W. I. Merrill home Oct. 23 at 7:30 p. m.

passing out the congratulatory glad hand.

District Secretary Fred Kisteman of Oakland was our guest and gave a brief talk urging attendance at the convention at Long Beach next week. He was most enthusiastic in his praise of the club for its big job of putting up such a fine building for the boys and girls of the community.

William Pengilly of San Jose gave an interesting story of the evolution of style, drawing sketches to illustrate his designs. Most of the parts of men's dress had some origin peculiar to itself.

Carl Field, Harry Smith and C. H. Whitman were appointed to boost the scouts in the subscription prize campaign they have entered in an endeavor to pay of a part of the small remaining debt on the club house.



JUST as the "80-mile" car insures smooth running at 50, so the surplus of mileage in the DUAL-Balloon gives incomparable assurance of trouble-free, uninterrupted running. Whether you keep your car a year, or two or more, in all probability you will never have a moment's delay chargeable to rubber.

Although rubber cost has advanced, tire prices are still based on the former low cost. The top quality tire is still within the reach of all.

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"Opposite Schools"
CAMPBELL, CALIF.

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METHODIST CHURCH

Albert S. Buell, Pastor

The morning worship hour is featured by the new pastor, Rev. Albert S. Buell, with a series of sermons on the Lord's prayer. You should hear these splendid messages.

Sunday evening sermon lectures are at 7:30 o'clock and you should certainly come with us to the evening worship.

The Sunday school board at their meeting this week will plan some new features for the school.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gullick were week-end visitors with the latter's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Steindorf of San Francisco.

Johnston's Candies—10c to 3¢ at Shadle's Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bobb of Newman visited over the week-end with Mrs. Bobb's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Griffen.

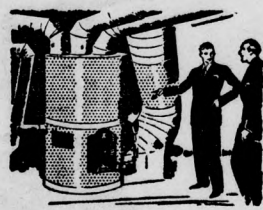
Mrs. George Leigh entertained the members of her bridge club Wednesday at luncheon. The afternoon was spent at cards.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ainsley arrived home Saturday after a vacation trip north and through the Canadian Rockies, visiting Lake Louise, Vancouver and Victoria. This is one of the most beautiful times of the year to visit that scenic playground.

For Sale—Coal and wood heater, cheap. Penhall's Barber Shop.

For Rent or Lease—The James Fay shoe shop and equipment.

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"So that's why the air is so warm and fresh!"

Have care-free, comfortable warmth by installing an automatic gas-fired heating system. It costs less. Works like any good system, except it burns gas fuel. Lasts for long years with little servicing. Modern ventilated firebox passes all products of combustion outdoors. Into your rooms flows heat as clean as the warmth from the sun.

There are many types of good

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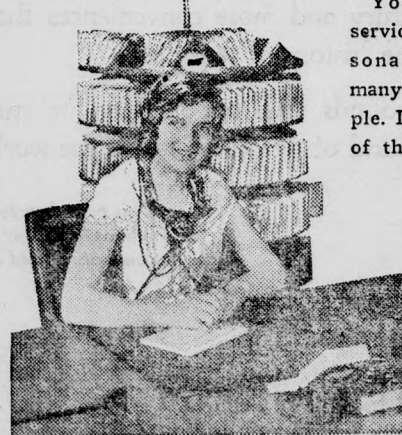
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By Terry Gilkison

